Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:
But ryper age such pleasures doth reproue,
My fancye eke from former follies moue
To stayed steps. for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)
And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vnrype,
To giue my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlonds, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but yeeres more rype,
And lasse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wype.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou were wont on wastfull hylls to singe,
I more delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaues from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe *Calliope* wyth Muses more,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Their yuory Lutes and Tamburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepheard to see, them in their art outgoe.

COLLIN.

Of Muses *Hobbinol*, I conne no skill:
For they bene daughters of the hyghest *Ioue*,
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill.

For

For sith I heard, that *Pan* with *Phœb*
Which him to much rebuke and Dau
I neuer lyst presume to *Parnasse* hyll
But pyping lowe in shade of lowly gr
I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth
Ne striue to winne renowme, or passe
With shepheard sittes not, followe fly
But keepe his flocke in fields, where
I wote my rymes bene rough, and ru
The fytter they, my carefull case to
Enough is me to paint out my vnrest
And poure my piteous plaints out in

The God of shepheards *Tityrus* is d
Who taught me homely, as I can, t
He, whilst he liued, was the soueraig
Of shepheards all, that bene with lo
Well couth he waple hys Woes, an
The flames, which loue within his h
And tell vs merry tales, to keepe vs w
The while our sheepe about vs safel

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in
(O why should death on hym such o
And all hys passing skil with him is
The fame whereof doth dayly great
But if on me some little drops woul
Of that the spring was in his learne
I soone would learne these woods, t
And teache the trees, their trickling

Then should my plaints, causd of d
As messengers of all my painfull pl
Flye to my loue, where euer that sh
And pierce her heart with poynt of
As shee deserues, that wrought so d

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